/105 cont./

533 sounds not unpleasant, and has something both gentle and fascinatingly eerie about it at the same time, just as the wailing night-wind blowing down the chimney is described when the storyteller /106/ first gives thanks to God that he is lying warm and safe in his snug bed, but is again and again obliged to listen to the weird lament and finally sees in a dream the ghost of a
122 friend who lies dying. We sat crowded against one another in the
[354] small room; a gourd filled with fat, in which a wick was burning, lay upon the floor; I was glad when the gourd also started to burn and we were able to step outside where the stars glistened and we shook ourselves -- the shuddering was over.

562 The women held out until 19 June; then they came; Reginaldo fetched them; a dozen in number, they walked one behind the other across the campo, the father of the tribe in the lead.

[609] On this afternoon, however, not one of them would let herself be looked at closely; the procession entered the big house and disappeared. Reginaldo came to ask us for an opera glass that he wanted to show to the women. Toward evening they appeared again and left single file as before. During the night they slept in the forest, a brief half an hour away.

292 On 20 June they appeared again; Reginaldo looked superb
[301] at their head; he wore his gray felt hat, his blue captain's uniform and white trousers, walked barefoot, and had a blue-white
123 feather stuck crosswise in each ear lobe. He was very agreeable
[126] that Wilhelm should sketch him in all his glory. Moreover, he assumed, and we daily encouraged him in this, that we were conducting all inquiries concerning the Bakaïrí only in order to report them again to the Emperor of Brazil -- at least the man understood that and for this purpose he was glad to oblige.

[291] He also accompanied us to the women; they were barefoot, of course, but otherwise wore the complete costume of the female rural inhabitant; the majority were of a mature age; I liked best one big, strong girl whom Homer would have called βοῶπις. -- The captain's wife, christened Ines, was quiet and pious and looked as though she had had many a care. We tried to

/124 cont./

123 283 241 [392] [251] and showed me how the raw cotton, merely cleaned of seeds, is twisted into thread with the spindle. The cotton plants stand between the huts everywhere; beside them grows mamona /castor oil plant/, whose oil serves us for wretched illumination in the evening, and peppers. Mats are spread out on racks in order to dry the mandioca farina.

The roça," the cultivated field, lies some distance away. The Bakaïrí plant mandioca, beans, rice, sweet potatoes, sugar, and deliver to the Fazenda Corrego fundo. Their rapadura was 272 excellent; the melada, a honey-sweet syrup, moved us to exclamations of admiration. The sugar cane is pressed between 249 two cylinders in the simplest way. (Cf. the vignette at the be-

342

Old-style hut.

[249] ginning of this chapter /see p. 2/).

We found Caetano's hut divided into three rooms: Caetano received us in the high, airy center room and shut the door, behind which little Luisa was doing housework. Felipe and Carlotta ●354 Parecí lived in the corner room opposite. Three canga blocks 482 formed the hearth. Plaited back-baskets, which are carried by a forehead band and in which the women are said to carry up to six 412 arrobas. Graters to grate the mandioca: hard little spikes from 824 the rib of the buritĩ leaf are neatly set into the middle part of a narrow piece of wood almost a meter long.

/162 cont./

512 I did them an injustice; at half-past seven a procession of seven comes around the corner in the fastest quickstep, one behind the other, the tribal sorceress at their head, all loaded with [482] mandioca roots. The old woman is carrying a bundle of them loose on her head, and behind her runs a young woman with a heavy back-basket; is it her husband who is following her? Likewise [854] bent under the load of a basket he walks forward, on his left hip a straddling boy whom he clasps heedlessly, as though he had hurriedly picked him up from the ground.

592 We visit the house of the professor. In the moderately light [352] room one at first distinguishes only a number of vertical and [252] horizontal posts, brown hammocks; the old woman and a younger one are sitting on the floor most diligently scraping mandioca with a shell, the naked legs buried in the parings.

[353] Two families have divided up in the space; the conjugal chambers are characterized by the fact that two hammocks are fastened, one above the other, to the same post. In the center there is an empty circle, and round about, /163/ radially, the "individual rooms" divided off, not by partitions, but merely by [354] the posts. The upper vault is blackened by smoke. Three or [251] four stones form the simple hearth. The flour is put into huge [252] pot vessels (up to 77 centimeters in diameter); the beijûs are [323] roasted on flat, rimless bowls. The clay is blackish brown, the vessels are made by hand by the women.

352 We sit on small, low benches; they are rectangular, slightly concave, made out of dark-brown palm-wood, usually in octavo form, and not a decimeter high.

412 The stone axes, which are sticking in the wall (the longest [353] 24 centimeters), all have the same shape: a thick wooden cylinder, [135] offset at the bottom by a thinner handle. The stone is supposedly found farther downstream (1). /Illustration appears here./

1. Herr Prof. Arzruni of Aachen was kind enough to examine the material carefully and has identified it as diabase, a rock made up of augite, plagioclase, mica, chlorite, and

/Chapter I-III, pp. 1-45, including Fig. 1 and Plates II and III, are omitted in the translation./

/46/

Chapter IV.

First Encounter with the Indians.

Bark canoes. Traces of Indians. My trip with Antonio and Carlos. Animal life. Reverie before supper. Mouth of the Ponekuru. Cataracts. Signs of colonization increase. Chief Tumayaua. To the first Bakaïrí village. Arrival of the "Karaiben."

After tapping several times in vain, Antonio found a jatobá (Hymenaea sp.) with serviceable bark. A pole scaffold is erected around the tree; a long rectangular strip of bark is loosened with ax blows and, carefully taken down, is placed on low supports; then the bark is made pliable with heat, a fire being lighted underneath and twigs also set afire on top, and the edges of the longitudinal sides are bent upward. In front a point is formed; in the rear the bark is pushed forward toward the inside to produce a slightly hollowed out bulkhead with acute-angled edges, at which the bark is soon likely to split. The canoe was to be finished in a day and brought to the water the next morning.

Antonio came home from his work noticeably pleased. I believed it was because the canoe had turned out well. I talked to him about it for a while and then, referring once more to our plans, said: "So you are not afraid that the river is without inhabitants?" "No," he replied in dismissal, "I've already found a rancho." "Why didn't you say so?" "Well, I intended to." In looking for wood for the canoe, he had discovered a collapsed hunting-hut covered with palm straw; its posts showed the blunt gash-marks of a stone ax. Beside it lay charred logs still in the radial arrangement of the Indian campfire; adjacent jatobás had been tested with stone axes for their usefulness, a still recognizable path led through the brush to a "harbor" on the river. Antonio thought it was probably a year ago that the visitors had stopped here.